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OVERCOATS FOR BOYS (4 to 12 years), Warm and Heavy, Worth Six Dollars, at Ninety Cents.	CHINCHILLA OVERCOATS for Boys (8 to 18 years), Worth Ten Dollars, at \$2.75.	SUPERB KERSEY OVERCOATS for Boys (8 to 18 years), Worth Sixteen Dollars, at \$4.75.	ASTRAKAN OVERCOATS for Children (4 to 8 years), Worth Twenty Dollars, at \$7.90.	CAPE OVERCOATS for Boys (4 to 13 years), Beautiful Plaids and Checks, Worth Twelve Dollars, at \$2.25.	EXTRA HEAVY ULSTERS for Boys (8 to 18 years), Worth Fifteen Dollars, at \$5.75.	ELEGANT DRESS OVERCOATS for Youths (12 to 18 years), Kersey, Melton, Diagonal, Worth \$25, at \$9.00.
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Chinchillas, Kerseys, Meltons, Cheviots and Beav rs, some silk and satin-lined, cut in "Sacks," "Surtouts," "Ulsters" and "Cape Coats," all colors and patterns, including the latest and most fashionable designs, Regular tailor-made, perfect-fitting garments. We offer your choice of three thousand elegant overcoats at a special price for Tuesday, Dec. 20, only, of

TEN DOLLARS. We guarantee the absolute truth of every statement in this advertisement, and as fast as we can mark goods we shall pile our counters with the most elegant garments that can be produced. We are determined to offer the greatest Christmas Attractions ever known. Watch daily papers for further developments.

The Leading Clothiers, 627 and 629 Broadway, near Bleecker Street. OPEN EVERY NIGHT UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK.

TRIED FOR HIS OWN MURDER.

[Written for THE WORLD by & & C.]



T was just beginning to drizzle when Mr. Andrew Peterson, commission merchant, let himself into his house with his latch-key. He walked through he hall without a look

the bolts as readily as though he had been accustomed to them, and went out.

This was all that the police could learn from the family of what had happened before the disappearance of Mr. Peterson was discovered.

The appearance of the stout visitor in the The appearance of the stout visitor in the hall alarmed the chambermaid, who ran at once to the kitchen, where she spoke of him to the cook. The two women hurried to the basement door and looked up and down the street. The stout man was not in sight. The dining-room silver was all right and nothing had been disturbed in the parlor. The cook went back to the kitchen and the chambermaid hurried upstairs again to Mrs. Peterson's room, where she related what she had seen. "It was plain that a visitor would not call arrayed in a table cover." Mrs. Peterson asid, and she did not have any acquaintance answering to the stout man's description. So she put on a wrapper and went to tell Mr. Peterson about it.

The library door opened readily. The

to tell Mr. Peterson about it.

The library door opened readily. The droplight was burning, and its green shade did not make the room look very cheerful. Mr. Peterson was not there. His overcoat and hat were on the lounge, and on the floor in front of the mirror, between the two bookcases opposite the door, lay some fragments of glass and a piece of rubber tubing. There were drops of blood on the floor, and a blood-stained handkerchief lay on a chair. The red table cover that had been on the big library table was missing.

The story told by Mrs. Peterson when the police arrived was that she was startled but not particularly alarmed. She thought her husband might have gone to some other room. But after the house had been searched and no trace of him found, then she was nearly frightened to death, and would have died if the chambermaid had not promptly given her brandy.

Two detectives, who carefully searched the

paper and a piece of blue cord under Mr. Peterson's overcoat. It was not there before Mr. Peterson came in. They put the fragments of glass together and became satisfied that they had formed a bottle, and that the rubber tube had fitted to the bottle, and that the rubber tube had fitted to the bottle's mouth. They were unable to decide what had been in the bottle. The piece of tubing, fragments of glass, wrapping paper and blue cord were put carefully by as clues which might be used later. The blood-stained handkerchief was also saved. The stout man was found and arrested. It was on Monday evening that Mr. Peterson, who was very light and the the stout man was quite tail and must have weighed a great deal—yes, he might have weighed a great deal—yes, he might have weighed 200 pounds, as near as she could judge. He didn't have on any hat, and she couldn't describe his clothing because he was wrapped up in the table cover. Yes, she was sure that it was the cover of the library table. She had just caught a glimpse of his face, and would know him again, she thought. No: she had never seen him before, and indignantly denied that the was a cousin or lover of hers. The detectives asked her if the she was sure that the stout man was not a face, and would know him again, she thought. No: she had never seen him before, and indignantly denied that the was a cousin or lover of hers. The detectives asked her if she was sure that the stout man was not a feet of the cook even consented to smile on the cook even consented to smile on the cook even consented to smile on the cooker than Mr. Peterson. The him of Mr. Peterson. The him of the him out asking him any questions which might tend to criminate him or do him injury on his trial.

It was on Monday evening that Mr. Peterson. It was not Monday evening that Mr. Peterson. The find had been at its other than the said of the town, and backed up the rebail that Mr. Peterson. The find had been or ment of the house and not tidings were resont the beat was a sunday of well of the det He walked through the hall without a look towards the parlor near the open doorway of which Mrs. Peterson sate entertaining a visitor and went directly upstairs to the library door close and thought that she heard the lock click. As her husband passed the door she had looked at the marble clock on the mantel-shelf and noticed that it was thirteen minutes after 5. Mr. Peterson was a very methodical man and invariably came in at 5 sharp. It was the delay that made his wife remember the time so accurately. Mrs. Peterson told the police afterwards that she thought her husband carried a small package when he went upstairs, but she was not sure of it.

At 6.15 a chambermaid coming downstairs saw standing in the hallway a very stout man, about whose shoulders was thrown a red table cover. She screamed, and the stout man, who appeared to be on his way to the front door, quickened his steps, drew back the bolts as readily as though he had been accustomed to them, and went out.

This was all that the police could learn from the family of what had happened before

sufficient.

This advertisement appeared in half a dozen papers on the morning following Mr. Peterson's disappearance:

(35)(1) REWARD for any information of the whereabouts of Andrew Peterson; 34 years old; height, 5 feet 11 inches; brown hair; gray eyes; smooth face; he weighed 130 pounds and looked very siender; wore a disgonal frock coat and vest and dark striped trousers.

At the bottom of the advertisement was the At the bottom of the advertisement was the name and address of Mr. Peterson's lawyer. A large number of reporters called on the lawyer that day and evening, and they also visited Mrs. Peterson at her home. The instructions of the detectives in regard to details were carried out, and all the information that could be obtained from the lawyer or family was that Mr. Peterson had disappeared. One enterprising reporter, however. or family was that mr. Feterson had disappeared. One enterprising reporter, however, who had been unable to get any information at the upstairs door, came back an hour later, and knocked at the basement door. The cook opened it. He did not ask her any questions at first, but finally brought the disappearance of Mr. Peterson into the conversation.

sation.

He didn't appear a bit anxious to know

and hat were on the lounge, and on therefloor in front of the mirror, between the two bookcases opposite the door, lay some fragments of glass and a piece of rubber tubing. There were drops of blood on the floor, and a blood-stained handkerchief lay on a chair. The red table cover that had been on the big library table was missing.

The story told by Mrs. Peterson when the police arrived was that she was startled but not particularly alarmed. She thought her husband might have gone to some other find the police arrived was first reported. "Let me get his pediative." In answer to other questions, the stout man's pedigree. "Andrew Peterson." and the prisoner. "That's the name of the man I've arrested him for kidnapping," interrupted the police. "Andrew Peterson." Said the prisoner. "That's the name of the man I've arrested him for kidnapping," interrupted the police arrived was first poported. "Let me get his pedia to say that she had spoken, ratitled off all that she would have to go, the cook shook hands with him with warmth, and said that she would have to go, the cook shook hands with him with warmth, and said the prisoner. "That's the name of the man I've arrested him for kidnapping," interrupted the police. "That's the name of the man I've arrested him for kidnapping," interrupted the police. "That's the name of the man I've arrested him for kidnapping," interrupted the police. "Thus the had told him yet, but, of course, she imagined that she would have to go, the cook shook hands with him with warmth, and said the prisoner. "The regroter who to take the stout

condensed-milk man and the chambermaid, who was fast beginning to recover from the effects of the examination to which she had been subjected, said she would venture out doors and sweep the sidewalk. She had swept out the area and was leaning on her broom to get a better view of a blue-eyed butcher boy who had just passed when she caught sight of a heavy man who was advancing towards her from the opposite side of the street.

vancing towards her from the opposite side of the street.

She screamed so loudly that the butcher boy dropped his basket and ran towards her. The stout man came nearer, too. The chambermaid, a strong Irish girl, seemed to recover at this. She threw both arms about the stout man's neck and cried out to the butcher boy:

"Run for a policeman, quick. I've got the fat man who stole away Mr. Peterson."

The stout man struggled hard to break from the girl's embrace, but he could not. She had taken a hold to stay, and she did.

"Mary," he gasped, "I'm surprised at such conduct, and in the street, too. What would your mistress say if she should see you?"

And the villian knows my name," panted "And the villian knows my name," panted
the chambermaid, making her embrace
around the stout man's neck all the tighter.
"What'll me mistress say. Sure she'll say
what have you done with Mr. Peterson."
"Ridiculous," said the stout man, "why
""""

It was at this moment that the butcher boy arrived with the policeman (Officer Mul-vaney), who seized the stout man by the col-lar, clubbed him lightly, and then demanded what he meant by hitting the "gurrl."

The chambermaid did not give the stout

what he meant by hitting the "gurri."

The chambermaid did not give the stout man or any one else a chance to say a word. She reeled off the history of Mr. Peterson's disappearance with a rapidity that confused Officer Mulvaney, but he, of course, had too much pride to show it.

One fact impressed him, however, and that was that the stout man was worse than the ordinary prisoner, so he clubbed him again, but it is only fair to say, not very hard. Then he told the chambermaid to come to the Police Court at 8 o'clock the next morning, and dragged the stout man off to the lock-up. He flung open the station-house door, shoved the stout man in front of the Sergeant's deak and said:

"Kidnapper."

The Sergeant opened the blotter and proceeded to take the stout man's pedigree.

"What is your name?" he inquired.

"Andrew Peterson," said the prisoner.

"That's the name of the man I've arrested him for kidnapping," interrupted the policeman.

"Shut up, will you," politely interposed.

stout man a body was found in the river.
The fish had been at it so that it was unrecd ognizable. Several friends of Mr. Peterson,
who were taken to look at it by the police,
said that they could not positively identify
it. This was enough for the detectives.
They couldn't swear that it was not Mr.
Peterson's body. The next day a number of
papers printed that Mr. Peterson's body had
been found, and that he had undoubtedly
been carried to the river and thrown in.
The stout man was indicted under the
name of John Doe for murdering Mr. Peterson. Some thought he had gone a little demented after committing the murder (the
general opinion was that he had committed
it), and that the name of his victim being
constantly in his mind, had caused him to
say that it was his own name. The police
laughed at this. It was pure nerve, they
said. He knew that they were after him,
and that he couldn't escape any way, so he
pretended that he was Mr. Peterson, so as to
work the insanity dodge on the jury and get
off that way.
What the prisoner had said since his and

rival and who he really was had not been let out by the police, even if they knew anything, which was doubted. The news-paper reporters worked like beavers, but learned little.

paper reporters worked fixe beavers, but learned little.

The young man who had interviewed the cook was again a little more successful than the others. He learned that a stout man, wrapped in a red table cover, had called at a second-hand clothing store and bought a suit of clothes there. The clothes he had on were much too small for him and were ripped in all the seams. He bought a hat, too. He left the table cover in the store and said he would call for it later. He also put on the suit he had bought and told the dealer that he might keep the old clothes. Then the stout man went away.

went away.

The dealer said that he seemed much agitated and was bleeding from a wound in his hand. After this all trace of the stout man was lost until his arrest. The police read about the clothing and table cover being in the second-hand clothing store, and went

there and got them.

The cover was identified as that of the library table, and the clothing as that worn by Mr. Peterson when he disappeared. The trial of the stout man was awaited with imatience.

John Doe, as the stout man was now called

in the newspapers, appeared to be entirely without friends, and a young lawyer was assigned by the Court to defend him. It was an interesting case, and the lawyer, who was both bright and ambitious, determined to make a reputation for himself if he could.

After his first interview with the stout

After his first interview with the stout man he seemed pale and worried. He had just seated himself in his office when the reporter who had interviewed the cook called. The lawyer knew him well, for they had been college mates.

"I'm glad to see you," he said. "I'm the most mystified man in the world."

"I'm glad to see you, too," said the reporter. "You're assigned as Doe's counsel in the Peterson murder case, and I want to talk to you about it."

"And I want to talk to you about it, too," said the lawyer. "But, understand, what I'm going to tell you now is not for publication. Later it may be used, but not at present."

the cot in his cell, and a sadder-looking man I never saw. I explained to him that I was his counsel and had called to map out a line of defense. I assured him that anything he might say would be held in strict confidence. He considered for a few minutes and then said:

"'Perhaps I had better tell you all the circumstances.'

circumstances.'
"Then,' I indiscreetly interrupted, 'you don't have don't hav know something about the death of Mr.
Peterson?'
'I do not know anything about Mr. Peter-

son's death,' he went on almost solemnly.
'He is not dead. I am Andrew Peterson, and am alive, as you can see.' "My impression was," the lawyer con-tinued, "that the man was crazy or a knave. On the latter supposition, I told him that it was hard to believe that he could be Mr. Peterson when he was not a bit like him, and Peterson when he was not a bit like him, and there was such an enormous difference in their weights. I said that it would be wiser on the trial to adopt some other line of defense than that. In my opinion it seemed the best course to deny that a murder had taken place, and force the prosecution to prove that Mr. Peterson was dead. They could not prove that the body found was his, and there was nothing to show that he had been made away with. It seemed to me doubtful if any jury could find a verdict for murder unless they were pretty sure that a murder had been committed."

The young lawyer wiped his brow again

murder unless they were pretty sure that a murder had been committed."

The young lawyer wiped his brow again and drew a long breath.

"What happened next," he went on, "was startling. The man got up from the cot and paced restlessly up and down the jail corridor for a few moments. Then he came into the cell again and sat down.

"I wonder,' he remarked, absently, if ever before a man was charged with having murdered himself and stood in danger of being hanged for it. Now,' he added, after a moment's thought, 'I am going to tell you the whole story. It isn't a very probable tale, I own; nor is it one that I should myself be likely to believe if any one told it to me. But,' he said, earnestly, 'I assure you that it is true.'

"He picked up a newspaper from the cell

"He picked up a newspaper from the cell floor, and showed me in it a picture of Mr. Peterson, his description and the reward.
"Please read that description,' he said, 'and then look carefully at the picture. Before I go into details I intend to call your attention to a few facts that may make my story more probable."
"He waited patiently while I read, and when I raised my eyes he stood up and said:
"The description says that Mr. Peterson was five feet eleven inches tall. Such is my height, as you may observe. Thirty-four years old. I look that age, do I not? Brown hair and gray eyes. Mine answer these."
"Yes.' I interrupted. But he weighed 130 pounds and you weigh over 200 pounds."
"I am coming to that,' he said. 'Have patience. Look at the picture carefully and tell me, if the face were fresher, would it not look like mine. Do you rot detect the resemblement in the features." look like mine. Do you not detect the resem-blance in the features.'
"I looked carefully and had to confess

"I looked carefully and had to confess that I did." "Remarkable," said the reporter, who had "Remarkable," said the reporter, who had a theory of his own regarding the case. "This is nothing," continued the lawyer, again mopping his forehead, on which cold sweat stood, "to what he said later. He had

again mopping his forehead, on which cold sweat stood, "to what he said later. He had grown excited and again paced the corridor. When he had calmed down he returned and went on with his narrative.

"I am Andrew Peterson,' he said once more. 'I was an only child, and, my parents being wealthy, I had everything that ought to have made me happy. But I was not happy. Other children were plump and healthy looking, but I was always thin. At school my fellow pupils called me Skinny, Skinny Andy, or Skinny Peterson. I was a strong boy and healthy enough, but there was little flesh on my bones. I tried hard to grow stout, but it was useless. I ate oatmeal and corn hominy, but they did no good.

"I felt that I was doomed to remain thin, and tried to be cheerful. I succeeded in a measure as I grew older, but occasionally there would come upon me a longing to be stout, that made me miserable indeed."

Concluded To-morrow Evening.

The local Steamboat Inspectors rendered a decision to-day in the case of the collision between the steamer City of Brockton and the steamer J. Shuit, on the second day of the races between the Volunteer and the Thisile. The inspectors decide that no one was to blame for the accident.

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